

Hymns and songs for the festival in Faneuil Hall, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Massachusetts anti-slavery society, Friday evening, January 2, 1857. Printer & Sawyer, Printers, 19 Water Street.

HYMNS AND SONGS FOR THE FESTIVAL IN FANEUIL HALL, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2, 1857.

SONG.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Tune —" *Scots wha hae.* "

I. Friends of Freedom! ye who stand With no weapon in your hand, Save a purpose stern and grand,
All men to set free, Welcome! Freedom stands in need Of true men in thought and deed— Men who
have this only creed, That they will not flee!

II. Though we were but two or three, Sure of triumph we should be; We our promised land shall see,
Though the way seem long:— Every fearless word we speak Makes Sin's stronghold bend and creak
— Tyranny is always weak, Truth is young and strong!

III. All the hero-spirits vast, Who have sanctified the past, Bearing witness to the last, Fight upon our
part; We can never be forlorn: He, who, in a manger born, Bore the Priest's and Levite's scorn, Gives
us hope and heart.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM L. GARRISON.

Tune —" *Auld Lang Syne.* "

I. I am an Abolitionist! I glory in the name; Though now by Slavery's minions hiss'd, And covered o'er
with shame; It is a spell of light and power— The watchword of the Free:— Who spurns it in the trial
hour, A craven soul is he!

II. I am an Abolitionist! Then urge me not to pause; For joyfully do I enlist In Freedom's sacred cause:
— A nobler strife the world ne'er saw, Th' enslaved to disenthral; I am a soldier for the war, Whatever
may befall!

III. I am an Abolitionist! Oppression's deadly foe; In God's great strength will I resist, And lay the monster low; In God's great name do I demand, To all be Freedom given, That peace and joy may fill the land, And songs go up to heaven!

IV. I am an Abolitionist! No threats shall awe my soul, No perils cause me to desist, No bribes my acts control; A Freeman I will live and die, In sunshine and in shade, And raise my voice for Liberty, Of nought on earth afraid.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

BY MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

Air —" Old Hundred. "

I. What sound, among the shaken hills, Rolls awful as the tempest's voice, And tyranny with terror fills, And bids the trembling Slave rejoice?

II. It is the thronging of the Free 'Round thy high places, Liberty! By Truth, and Love, and Freedom led, Till the land trembles to their tread!

III. What shout, through all the region sent, So sharply cleaves the startled air, And shakes the hollow firmament, As if the judgment trumpet were there?

IV. 'Tis the strong watch-word of the North, That earthquake voice which thunders forth! By every stream, and hill, and wave, It cries, "Deliverance for the Slave!"

RIGHT ON.

Air —" Lenox. "

I. Ho! children of the brave, Ho! freemen of the land, That hurled into the grave Oppression's bloody band! Come on, come on, and joined be we To make the fettered bondman free!

II. Let coward vassals sneak From Freedom's battle still, Poltroons that dare not speak But as their masters will! Come on, come on, and joined be we To make the fettered bondman free!

III. On parchment, scroll, and creed, With human life-blood red, Untrembling at the deed, Plant firm your manly tread! Let Despots howl, their minions rave, Yet we will free the fettered Slave!

IV. The tyrant's scorn is vain, In vain the slanderer's breath! We'll rush to break the chain, E'en on the jaws of death! Hurrah! hurrah! right on go we; The fettered Slave shall yet be free!

V. Right on, in Freedom's name, And in the strength of God, Wipe out the damning stain, And break th' Oppressor's rod! Hurrah! hurrah! right on go we, The fettered Slave shall yet be free!